

## MOAT-GRANGE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

They had brought down the pheasants in plenty; never had a first of October afforded better spoils; and they had lingered long at the sport, for evening was drawing on. Mr. Dalrymple, the owner of Moat-Grange, which was a desolate Grange enough, to look at, with the remains of a moat round it, long since filled in—aimed at the last bird he meant to hit that day, and missed it. He handed his gun to his game-keeper.

"Shall I load again, sir?"

"No. We have had enough for one day, Hardy; it is getting late. Come along, Charles. Oscar, are you satisfied?"

"He must be greedy if he is not," broke in the voice of Mr. Cleveland, a neighbor, who had joined their sport. "He ought to leave some."

"You'll come home and dine with us, Cleveland," interposed Mr. Dalrymple, as they turned toward the Grange.

"What, in this time?" Mrs. Dalrymple would say I made myself free and easy."

"Nonsense! You know we don't stand upon ceremony. James will give you boots a brush. And, if you insist on being smart, I will leave you a coat."

"As you have, before now. Thank you. Then I don't care if I do. Look out, Charles; out of the way. And, turning round, Mr. Cleveland fired his gun in the air."

"What is that for?" demanded Oscar Dalrymple, a relative of the family, who was visiting at the Grange. "You have wasted the charge."

"I never carry home a piece loaded," was the answer. "I have too many young ones to risk it; they are in all parts of the house at once, and starting their hands to every thing. Neither do I think it fair to carry it into the house of a friend."

Oscar Dalrymple drew down the corners of his mouth, rendering his cold, unpleasing face more unpleasing. At that moment a bird rose within range. Oscar raised his gun, fired and brought it down. "This is how I like to waste good shot and powder," said he.

"All right, Mr. Oscar," merrily answered Mr. Cleveland. "To use it is better than to waste it, but to waste it is better than to run risks. All the accidents that happen with guns happen from want of precaution."

"Shall I draw your charge, Mr. Charles?" asked Hardy, who had a reverence for Mr. Cleveland and all he said, having once served his father.

"Draw the charge from my gun?" returned Charles Dalrymple. "No. I can take care of my playthings if others can't," he added, in a lower tone to Hardy, with all the self-surety of a young and vain man.

Presently Farmer Lee came up, winding across the stubble toward his home. They were on the farmer's grounds then, who rented under Mr. Dalrymple.

"Famous good sport to-day, hasn't it been, squire?" cried he, touching his hat to his landlord.

"Famous. Never better. Will you accept a pair, Lee?" continued Mr. Dalrymple. "We have gathered plenty."

"Do, please," cried Charles Dalrymple. "Tell Miss Judith I shot them for her; in return for her sewing up that rent in my coat, the other day, and making me decent to go home. Is the fence, where I fell, mended yet, farmer?"

"Mended yet?" echoed Mr. Lee. "It was up again in an hour after you left, Mr. Charles."

"Ah! I know you are the essence of order and punctuality," returned Charles. "You must let me have the coat."

"Time enough for that," said the farmer. "Twasn't much. Good-afternoon, gentlemen; your servant, squire."

"O—I say—Lee!" called out Charles, as the farmer was turning homeward, whilst the rest of the party pursued their way, "about the mud in that coat? Hardy says it will hurt the fish to do it now."

"That's just what I told you, Mr. Charles."

"Well, then—But I'll come down to-morrow and talk it over with you; I can't stop now."

"As you please, sir; I shall be somewhere about."

Charles Dalrymple turned too hastily. His foot caught against the leg of the fence, and he nearly dropped his gun. He recovered the gun with a jerk, but the trigger was touched, he never knew how or with what, and the piece went off. A cry in front, a confused round down and then the other party round him, was all that Charles Dalrymple saw as through a mist. He dropped the gun, started forward, and gave vent to a cry of anguish. For it was his father who had fallen.

The most shocked was Oscar Dalrymple. He always was collected; his nature was too cold even to be put out. He held up his relative's head and shoulders, and strove to ascertain the injury. Mr. Dalrymple, though very pale, had not fainted, and he opened his eyes.

"O father!" cried Charles, with a wail of grief, as he threw himself beside him. "I did not do it purposely—I don't know how it happened."

"Purposely! no boy," answered his father, in a kind tone. "Cheer up, I father, in a kind tone. I don't believe there's much harm done. Cleveland, I think the damage is in my left leg."

Mr. Dalrymple was right. The charge had entered the calf of the left leg. Oscar cut the calf of the trousers round at the knee with a pen-knife, and drew it off, and the boot. The blood was running freely. As a matter of course, not a soul present knew what place to do, whether any thing ought to be done, whether any thing of the simplest principles of surgery, but they stumbled to the conclusion that trying it might stop the blood.

"Not that handkerchief," interrupted Mr. Cleveland, as Oscar introduced a silk one for the purpose. "Take mine; it is white and home."

"The first thing must be to get a doctor," said Oscar.

"Of course. But we can move him home while advice is coming."

"My house is nearer than the

Grange," said Farmer Lee. "Better take him there."

"No; get me home," interposed Mr. Dalrymple.

"My house is not a stone's throw off, and the best room shall be at your service, sir. You know that."

"Yes, Lee. But—this may be a long job. I would rather be taken home."

"The squire thinks that home's home," cried the gamekeeper. "And so it is; specially in illness."

"The difficulty was, how to get him there. But necessity, as we all know, is the true mother of invention; and by help of a mattress, procured from Farmer Lee's, with impromptu arrangements to it, made of 'webbing,' as Miss Judith Lee called some particularly strong tape she happened to have by her, the gamekeeper, two laborers and Mr. Lee started with their load. Oscar walked by Mr. Dalrymple's side; Charles, in a state of distraction, had flown off to the town for medical assistance; and Mr. Cleveland volunteered to go forward and prepare Mrs. Dalrymple.

Mrs. Dalrymple was in one of the old-fashioned sitting-rooms of the Grange, a room of the family, and as it was regarded its construction, and its carved oak paneling, dark as mahogany; handsome and modern as regarded its furniture and fittings-up. Mrs. Dalrymple, an agreeable woman of three or four-and-forty, had risen, and she had with her of hot water in the work of her visitor, Miss Lynn, telling her it was too dusk to do more than; Selina Dalrymple was trying a piece of new music, talking and laughing at the same time; and Alice Dalrymple, an invalid, was on her reclining sofa, near the window.

"Here is Mr. Cleveland by himself," exclaimed Alice, seeing him pass. "I wonder where the others are."

Mrs. Dalrymple raised her head, and she saw, in the simple, hospitable fashion, to open the hall door. Putting it back for Mr. Cleveland's approach, she retreated just inside the oak parlor.

"What a long day you have had!" she exclaimed, as he came in after her. "You must be tired. Where are the others?"

"They are behind," replied Mr. Cleveland. He had been thinking, as he came along, that he would make light of the accident, at the first telling; quite a joke of it; so as to prepare the household for the worst. He had brought such a quantity, Mrs. Dalrymple; and your husband has asked me to dinner; and is going to accommodate me with a coat, as well. Oh! but talking of bagging, and dinner, and coats, I hope you have with you of hot water in the house; baths, and all the rest of it. One of us has hurt his leg, and we may want no end of hot water to wash it."

"That is Charles, I know," said Selina. "He is always getting into some scrape. Look what he did at Lee's last week!"

"No; it is not Charles, for once. Guess again."

"Oscar?" interposed Alice, from her sofa. "Oscar is too cautious to get into trouble."

"Then who is it?" cried Mrs. Dalrymple, looking up. "Is it much?"

"No; but should you say to its being me?" said Mr. Cleveland, sitting down and stretching out one leg, as if it were stung. "And I came on to tell you, lest you should be alarmed at seeing him brought."

"Brought!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "How do you mean? Who is bringing him?"

"Hardy and Farmer Lee. I suppose, left to himself, he would have been for running all the way here, and leaping the ditches over the shortest cut, so we just made him lie down on a mattress, and they are carrying it. Miss Judith supplied us."

"No," carelessly returned Mr. Cleveland. "He has managed to get a little shot into it; but—"

"Shot?" interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, in a frightened tone. "Shot?"

"Yes, nothing, I assure you, said Mr. Cleveland. "I suppose his leg is badly hurt, but he will be out with us in a week again."

"O Mr. Cleveland!" she faintly uttered, "you have quite upset me. Is it serious?"

"Serious? Don't you see how merry I am? The most serious part is the trousers. Oscar, in his alarm, like you, as to seriousness, decapitated their leg at the knee. They will never be fit to wear again," added Mr. Cleveland, with a grave face.

"We will turn them over to Charles' stock," said Selina. "I am sure, what with one random action or another, half his clothes are in ribbons."

"How was it done?" inquired Alice. "An accident," replied Mr. Cleveland. "One never does know too well how such a thing may happen."

"We must send for a doctor," observed Mrs. Dalrymple, rising hastily. "However slight it may be, I shall not know how to treat it."

"Do not trouble yourself. We thought of that, and Charles is gone for help. I suppose he has been to Mrs. Dalrymple? He should be laid there at once. Better be on the safe side."

Mrs. Dalrymple quitted the room. Mr. Cleveland also quitted it, and went to the hall-door, and stood there, looking out, his hands in the pocket of his velvet coat. Some one came quietly up, and stood by him; it was Selina Dalrymple, trembling.

"Mr. Cleveland," she whispered, "is it not worse than you have said? I think you have been making light of it to us. Pray tell me the truth; you know I am not excitable, like Alice."

"My dear, I made light of it, in one sense, because I wished to prevent unnecessary alarm. But I assure you, I don't think there's any serious connection with it."

"Was it his own gun that went off?"

"No."

"Whose?"

"Oh! But I might have told it," she added, he shook his head, giving place to an air of anger. "Charles is guilty of carelessness every day of his life—wanton carelessness."

"He is careless," replied Mr. Cleveland, "but he has a good heart, and is always so sorry for his faults."

"Yes. His life is made up of careless actions and repentance. How dreadfully to reflect that he should have shot papa!"

"Do not speak of it in that aspect, my dear. I believe it will prove but a trifling hurt. But to see him borne home on a mattress, like a dead man, a leg of his pantaloons cut off and his

own leg bandaged up, might have frightened some of you into illness, so I came to prepare you. Selina, were I you, I would draw the curtains before the window. They will soon be here, and a little thing flurries Alice. And do not let her run out here, when they come."

Selina went in to act upon this advice. Mr. Cleveland remained at the door. Soon he heard feet coming round the house, and at the same time he saw, to his surprise, the rig of the surgeon turning off from the road. How quick Charles had been! He could not have been to the town.

No; it proved that he had met them, Mr. Forth and Dr. Tyler, who had been to a country consultation. All three were crammed into the gig. Charles jumped out first, and began rushing about like a mad creature. Mr. Cleveland went out and laid hands upon him.

"You will do more harm than you have already done, young sir, unless you can control yourself. Here have I been impressing your mother and sisters with the conviction that it is nothing more than a few flea-bites, and you are going to upset all I have done, before them at any rate."

"O Mr. Cleveland! You talk of calmness! Perhaps I have killed my father."

"I hope not. But I dare say a great deal depends upon his being kept quiet and tranquil. Remember that. If you can't control yourself, do not go on, but let me keep you to myself. I wish I had shot my own head off first."

"There you begin again! Will you be quiet?"

"Yes, I will. I'll go and pace about where they can't see me, and get rid of myself that way."

He wrenched himself from the Honorable Mr. Cleveland, went to the back of the house, began to dig among some cabbages in the kitchen garden. Poor Charles Dalrymple felt then as if it would be a mercy, for which he should be ever thankful, if his head were off. He was generous, affectionate but thoughtless, and most impulsive.

As the gamekeeper was departing, after helping with his master up stairs, he detected Charles' restless movements, and went to him.

"Ah! Mr. Charles, it's bad enough ever, and went back to Lannon—or, if you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right; the Earl's always was, afore him."

Charles "tore" about worse than before, clearing six-and-twenty cabbages, and the shot into the other ear. He had just been to Lannon—or, if you had but let me draw that there charge! Mr. Cleveland's ideas is sure to be right; the Earl's always was, afore him."

"Not all the next time. I don't suppose you will, Mr. Charles. You must be careful of 'em."

Charles groaned.

"This is the second accident of just the same sort that I have been in," continued Hardy. "It isn't the first time, when I was a youngster, two red-coat blades had come down there with the young Lord, him as is now the Earl, for a week's sport, and one of 'em (he seemed to us keepers as if he had never handled a gun in all his born days) got the shot into the other ear—just as it has been got this evening into the squire's. That was a worse accident, though, than this will be, I hope. He was laid up at the inn, close by here it happened, for six weeks, and then—"

"And then—did it terminate fatally?" interrupted Charles, scarcely above his breath.

"Law! no, sir. At the end of the six weeks he was on his legs, as strong as ever, and went back to Lannon—or wherever it was he came from."

Charles Dalrymple drew a relieved breath. "I shall go in and hear what the surgeons say," said he, restlessly.

The medical men were still with Mr. Dalrymple, and Charles entered the oak parlor, and stood by the fire, before the fire. No one else was there.

"Charles," she said, "I wanted to see you. Do you fear this will be very bad?"

"I don't know," was the desponding answer.

"Whose gun was it that did the mischief?"

"Whose gun! Have you not heard?" he broke forth, in a tone of fierce self-reproach.

"Mine, of course. And if he dies, I shall have murdered him."

Miss Lynn's countenance faded to sorrow with the words, but she did not speak.

"I see what you think, Isabel," he said, in the mood to vie with the glow of the fire. "I was thinking whether I could say or do any thing that would induce you to become more thoughtful—more like a rational being."

"And less like a fool. Say it out, Isabel."

"You are any thing but that, and you know it. Only you act from impulse. You think, speak, move, without the slightest deliberation; it is all impulse."

"Impulse could hardly have been at fault here. It was a horrible accident, and I shall deplore it to the last hour of my life. But it was an accident that might have happened to any one else; to Oscar, cautious as he is."

"I can't tell. I had been speaking to Lee, and was turning sharp round to catch up to the others, and the gun went off. Perhaps the trigger caught my coat-sleeve. Yes, that part was pure accident, Isabel, but there is something worse connected with it."

"What do you mean?"

"Not five minutes previously, Cleveland had fired off his gun, because he would not bring it in loaded. Hardy asked if he should draw the charge from mine, and I laughingly answered that I could take care of it. Why did I not let him do it?" added Charles, striding the room in his vexation, as he had previously strode the cabbages.

"What an idiot I was! You had better give me up, Isabel!"

She turned and glanced at him, and he came toward her, lifting his hands to her shoulders, and looked into her eyes by the light of the fire. "It may be to your interest," he whispered, "some day I may be shooting you, in one of my careless moods. What do you say, Isabel?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PITH AND POINT.

—Few men have more than they want, but all men want more than they have.

—Wallace's "Ben Hur" has sold to the extent of eight thousand copies. Many authors would like to have "Ben Hur."

—When you see but little glass in a man's window you can make up your mind that too many glasses go into his stomach. —Chicago Telegraph.

A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street car driver twice. —Texas Siftings.

"A Southern journal offers a prize for the best essay on poker." Here is the best essay on poker: Don't "poker." P. S.—We don't want your prize, but to any orphan asylum. —Norristown Herald.

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shop-keeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, be calm before thou art waked. Give it a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness."

A Philadelphia housekeeper wants to know what becomes of all the clothespins. We supposed that everybody that they dress themselves up in pantaloons and pass themselves off as dukes and nobles, and that they were the difference between them and the real article. —Boston Transcript.

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer, that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon the judge, and said to him: "Are you trying, sir, to show contempt for the court?" asked the judge, sternly. "No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it." —N. Y. Independent.

—Modern reading or an old rhyme Sing a song of silence. A poet's lullaby. All the little boys have gone to bed. When the spring is opened No birds begin to sing. But every bird that is hummed With many a little wing.

A PLACID CLERK.

How He Mortified a Desperately-Revengeful Individual.

The receiving clerks behind the desks at the telegraph offices are cool, placid fellows. They take your message of life or death with perfect indifference, mechanically count the words, and look a bit bored as they reply:

"I had to be sixty-five cents, please."

"I had my eye on a certain chap for several weeks before I humbled his pride. He insulted me. He insulted me by softly whispering to himself, as he counted the words in the following message:

"Grandmother died last night very suddenly. How many of you can attend funeral?"

When I landed in that message I expected him to exhibit a little emotion. While he could not have been personally acquainted with my grandmother, he must have suspected that she was a nice old lady, and that her sudden death had greatly overcome me. Why didn't he look up and send me a word of sympathy in his eye and say:

"Too bad! I know just how you feel, and I'm sorry for you."

But no. He whistled and counted, made a scratch or two with his pen, and then said:

"Three words over—seventy cents."

And as he made change he told one of the boys behind the counter that he'd be hanged if he wasn't going to the dog fight that night. Then he picked up my dead grandmother's dispatch and banged it on a book, shoved me over some change, and turned away to resume the perusal of a sporting paper.

The next week I went in with a dispatch announcing that my grandmother was dead, and I was in twenty-five thousand dollars. That man must have seen by my face that I was highly elated. He never had the fifth of that sum, and his salary had just been cut down ten dollars per month, but when he had read the dispatch he looked up, unbalanced and ungrateful, and said:

"Forty cents. You forgot to date it."

And then he began talking to one of his fellow-clerks about a slugging match, and how he won three dollars by being on the right man. I don't say he ought to have swung his hat and cheered over my good fortune, but why couldn't he have extended his paw and said:

"Eh? Old boy? In luck, ain't you? Well, I guess so. Send another cigar, and we'll smoke to your good health."

I made up my mind when I went out that I would upset that man's equilibrium or lose a leg. I'd tumble him off that pedestal of placidity if it cost a dollar. I'd put him in a straitjacket, or I'd hang him or I'd try. I gave him two weeks to repent. It isn't right to rush a telegraph man out of the world on a day's notice. I went back one evening, and I felt a bit sorry for him as he looked up, unbalanced and ungrateful, and said:

"I don't know, I was the desponding answer."

"Whose gun was it that did the mischief?"

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A JUGGLER'S TRICKS.

The Two Inimitable Performances By a Wonderful Artist of India.

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room, I was on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about an arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The peddler at first demurred a little, but, on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it in the conjuror's hand, but the latter refused and asked the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and at the request of the conjuror, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjuror then asked him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

Conjuror—Are you sure that is a rupee?

Smyth—Yes.

Conjuror—Close your hand on it and hold it tight. You think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.

Then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and America for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause, Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

"Then open your hand," said the juggler; "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said:

"No, pass it to the other sahib."

Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silver piece, about the size of the five-franc piece, and of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjuror's hand, and from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant, Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar; but the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed it could not for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of those readers who know India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a five-franc piece.

He did another trick about equally as wonderful. As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time, I think, was a tablecloth, borrowed from the Parsee merchant. He asked some one to present to produce a rupee, and lay it down at a remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjuror could not have touched the coin without being seen, and, in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a silver ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hands, now throwing into the air and catching it, then shaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half inarticulate words in some Hindostanee patois. Then setting the ring down on the cloth, about half an arm's length from him, he said, slowly and distinctly, in good Hindostanee:

"Ring, rise up and go to the rupee."

The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and, resting on the hoop, slowly, with a kind of jerking motion, it came up, passed over the cloth until it came to where the rupee was on the remote edge; then it lay down on the coin. The conjuror then said: "Ring, lay hold of the rupee and bring it to me."

The projecting edge of the seal seemed to grapple with the edge of the coin, the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and with the same dancing or jerking motion, the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand. I had no theory to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that he performed his tricks by mere sleight of hand. It will be observed that he had no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery and no confederate. —S. S. Robinson, in Boston Record.

VALUABLE POINTERS.

Four Excellent Rules for Pulling A Gun in the Wilds of Nevada.

"I think the general education of young men is being sadly neglected in this State," said an old sport in front of Sweeney's. "In every well-educated university there should be a professor to teach the boys the use of the six-shooter. There are rules regarding gun-pulling that every Western man ought to know. Just put 'em down and publish 'em in your paper."

"First—Never pull a gun."